

Pogovor v Babilonu*

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(Med Tigrisom in Evfratom, v senci visečih vrtov, pred ne mnogo tisočletji)

URUK: *So ti vseč tile klinopisi? Moj sistem servopisave mi je v desetih urah sestavil ves začetek Hammurabijevega kodeksa.*

NIMROD: Kaj pa imaš? Apple Nominator iz doline Eden?

URUK: *Si neumen? Teh ne jemljejo več nazaj, niti na trgu s sužnji v Tiru ne. To je egipčanski servopisec Toth 3 Megis-DOS. Porabi zelo malo, le pest riža na dan, piše pa tudi v hieroglifih.*

NIMROD: Takoj mu napolniš spomin.

URUK: *Toda formatira med kopiranjem. Nič več ne potrebuješ servoformaterja, ki vzame glino, ti oblikuje ploščico in jo posuši na soncu, da bi potem nanjo pisal nekdo drug. Ta direktno oblikuje, suši na ognju in piše.*

NIMROD: Vendar uporablja ploščice velikosti 5,25 egipčanskih komolcev, tehta pa tudi svojih šestdeset kil. Zakaj si ne nabaviš prenosnega?

URUK: *Kaj? Enega izmed tistih kaldejskih projektorjev s steklenimi kristali? Čarodejska šara.*

NIMROD: Ne, pritlikavega servopisca, afriškega pigmejca, prirejenega v Sidonu. Saj poznaš Feničane, v vsem posnemajo Egipčane, potem pa miniaturizirajo. Samo poglej, laptop, piše ko sedi na tvojih kolenih.

URUK: *Ogabno, pa še grbav je.*

NIMROD: Seveda, saj so mu v hrbet vgradili ploščo za hiter backup. Enkrat ga mahneš z bičem, pa ti piše direktno v Alfa-Beta; namesto *graphic mode* uporablja *text mode*, z enaindvajsetimi znaki narediš vse. Hammurabijev kodeks komprimiraš v nekaj ploščic velikosti 3,5.

URUK: *In potem moraš kupiti še servoprevajalca.*

NIMROD: Sploh ne. Pritlikavec ima vgrajenega prevajalca. Dovolj je, da ga še enkrat mahneš z bičem in ti piše v klinopisu.

URUK: *Dela tudi grafiko?*

NIMROD: Kaj pa! V spomin je vnesel Pytagoras in Memphis Lotus. Ti mu daš ploskovne mere, ga mahneš z bičem, in on ti naredi projekt zigurate v 3D. Egipčani so za piramide še vedno potrebovali sistem Mojzes z desetimi zapovedmi,

* Povzeto iz Umberto Eco: *Secondo diario minimo*, 1993.

An Englishman in Bosnia

Richard Carlton

ki je zahteval *link* z desetisoč servograditelji. In sploh niso bili *friendly*. Zastarel *hardware*, ki so ga morali vreči v Rdeče morje in so se mu umaknile celo vode.

URUK: *Kaj pa računanje?*

NIMROD: Govori tudi v Zodiaku. V trenutku ti pokaže tvoj horoskop in *what you see is what you get*.

URUK: *Stane veliko?*

NIMROD: Glej, če ga kupiš tukaj, bo en letni pridelek premalo, na tržnicah v Byblosu pa ga dobiš za vrečo semen. Seveda ga moraš dobro hraniti, saj veš, *garbage in, garbage out*.

URUK: *Tja, jaz se še vedno dobro znajdem s svojim Egipčanom. Če je tvoj prtljikavec kompatibilen z mojim 3Megis-Dosom, bi ga lahko naučil vsaj Zodiaka?*

NIMROD: To bi bilo nezakonito, saj ko ga kupiš, moraš priseči, da bo samo za tvojo osebno rabo... Konec koncev pa to delajo vsi, prav, ju bova kar seznanila. Ne bi pa rad, da bi tvoj imel virus.

URUK: *Zdrav je kot riba. Kar me bolj skrbi je pravzaprav to, da vsak dan iznajdejo kak nov jezik in bi nazadnje prišlo še do zmešnjave programov.*

NIMROD: Pomiri se, tu v Babilonu že ne, tu v Babilonu že ne.

Prevod:

Barbara Levstik, Bojan Djurić

I am writing this from England, aware that in doing so I will not be able to change the shattered lives of hundreds of thousands of people, all victims of war in Bosnia-Herzegovina and Croatia. The people of Bosnia have been carried along by nationalist forces which are out of their control, and in Britain those of us that care are unable to transform feelings of outrage into forceful action, because of the blind intransigence of our national government. In this respect perhaps we share something, but of course our situations are almost totally incomparable. Please do not think that I am oblivious to the terrible things that have happened when I remember the wonderful times I spent in Bosnia before the war. I hope that by sharing some of my experiences I can at least show that some of us here are aware of the true extent of the tragedy that has befallen Bosnia.

My first visits to the Balkans were spent rather uncomfortably on trains travelling slowly between central Europe and Mediterranean in the early 1980's. Apart from the slow speed and stifling heat of those journeys I remember only a few basic elements of the landscape; the mountains of Slovenia and Macedonia, contrasting with the maize-covered plains of Slavonia and Serbia. And I remember the pattern of small farms and their strip fields dotted over the countryside, with young boys and old men tending cattle and goats at dusk, and fishermen trying their luck on the many rivers and lakes, from the Sava to the Vardar. However, these brief glimpses told me almost nothing about the complicated mixture of different nationalities in the region, each with its different customs, reflecting separate histories. I remained ignorant of this even when working for two seasons as an archaeologist near Zadar, though I saw how the lives of the people on the coast differed from those a few kilometres inland; different ways of life shaped by their respective landscapes.

In 1987 I began to study ancient craft of hand-wheel pottery-making which survived in several parts of rural Bosnia-Herzegovina and south Croatia. I spent the early part of that Summer on the island of Iž in Dalmatia, where five old men - Ive and Romano Vlahov, Libero and Marijan Sutlović and Ive 'Gazdar' Sutlović - still made *peka* ('crpnja') and cooking pots for sale at small coastal towns such as Nin and Privlaka. Their pace of work was slow, and it was many weeks before I was able to see all stages of pottery-making from preparing the clay to firing dried pots in an open bonfire. I spent many long days walking all over the island, gradually learning some words of the language by talking to people I met. At the beginning of August 1987, equipped with an old ethnographic